

BOOKS and AUTHORS REVIEWS and COMMENT

Novelists' English and American Translations from the French

Eden Phillpotts in Frolicsome Mood Away from Dartmoor—
Mrs. Austin's Tale of a Modern Knight Errant—
A Cheerful Old Egotist.

ROMANCE IN REALISM.
THE LOVELY LADY. By Mary Austin. Frontispiece by Gordon Grant. 12mo, pp. 272. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The romance of a country boy who becomes a rich real estate operator—this, baldly stated, is the story. The lovely lady dwells in his Dream Castle from childhood on, ever beyond him, ever beckoning him, encouraging him to do battle with the dragon and win her.

He recognizes her in the face of many a woman whom he meets in real life, only to be disillusioned again and again until at last she comes to him. The dragon is a very modern one—at first the mortgage on the farm, against which he must defend his widowed mother and crippled sister; the lance that can vanquish the monster is gold. And so, having acquired his weapon and learned to handle it, he continues to fight other material dragons, obstacles that bar the way to ever-growing prosperity, until the golden lance becomes an end in itself, no longer a trusty companion in the quest of the lovely lady. He forgets her, he is growing contented with his busy, aimless life, and then she peeps out at him, a siren wearing her face, a girl bent on a "good match." He does not recognize her for what she is; one more disillusion is his. Then, in his middle age, the woman of his dreams comes true, the daughter of one of his earliest visions in the flesh. The romance of his wooing is somewhat pale, as befits his years and their experiences. A clever invention, realistically carried out.

MR. PHILLPOTTS ON A HOLIDAY.
THE JOY OF YOUTH. By Eden Phillpotts. 12mo, pp. 322. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

This, as has been observed in these columns, is now, is the season appointed for new departures by our novelists. Robert Herrick has given us a story of romantic adventure; Louis Joseph Vance has turned realist; Mary Johnston has in her latest book forsaken the historical novel to deal with the new womanhood; and Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim has invaded the domain opened up by Mr. Anstey, with a tale of an Oriental bazaar that transformed a cockney vulgarian into an embezzler. It is, therefore, without surprise that one finds Mr. Phillpotts turning his back on Dartmoor and its people to disport himself in Italy and the world of art. That he has made the new departure for his own exceeding great entertainment can hardly be doubted, but the reader who is in the proper mood cannot fail to reap from this book the pleasure its author must have experienced in writing it. There is a little of everything here—burlesque, satire and some seriousness. Occasionally one is reminded of Mr. Chesterton, and there is a faint echo of Shavian paradox.

We have here, first of all, a young painter, who is also an artist. Not all painters are artists, as he points out; there are, for instance, the Royal Academicians. But Bertrand Dangerfield is the real artist—in his own estimation, at least. He is young, wherefore he is a "Supernatural" fond of hearing himself talk. Listen to him:

In the lower middle class the art lovers understand the best in literature and pictures and music as few among us do. They despise tradition, and know no reverence. They play the piano, and play it well; but they play it in their shirt sleeves, with a bottle of beer beside them. And remember, they are proud of this abominable attitude, because they despise tradition. They simply don't understand coming to Bach in purple and fine linen. They lack the classical sense, and pretend that what they lack must be needless. Their taste in art is often austere and fine; but their taste in life is simply hideous.

Art, he maintains, has nothing to do with truth, unless truth happens to be beauty. And when, early in their acquaintance, he begs the young woman who ultimately marries him to pose for his great projected picture, he beseeches her earnestly to cast aside all narrow prejudices—to "be Greek, not Devonshire." He is somewhat of a

brawler, not merely from the point of view of his own people, for he is very well connected. His rival is a typical country squire, stolid, conscientious, conventional, who holds that England's insularity has made her great, and that, if foreign travel and the spread of a liberal culture weaken that insularity, they must be stopped. This gentleman is also puzzled by the inexplicable growth of "a scandalous class hatred among the poor." For our further entertainment we have, moreover, a temperamental lady, who runs away with her dentist—"an artist in ivory and gold and precious workmanship." But when these two reach Florence (which Mr. Phillpotts calls Firenze) the impulsive woman discovers that her companion's true goddess is not herself, but his art. He pines for it, strikes up an acquaintance with the local dentist, and subscribes to "The Dental Review," foreign postage additional. Wherefore she returns to her husband.

There is much talk here of art, of politics, the future of the Empire, music and suffragettes, of Bergson and Nietzsche. Indeed, Mr. Phillpotts must have revelled in this literary holiday of his, carefree and gay. And on the way he has stopped long enough to exercise his talent of description on the natural beauties of Italy as well as on her treasures of art and those of ancient Greece.

A CHRISTMAS CARD.
THE EGOTISTICAL I. By Ellen Wilkins Tompkins. 12mo, pp. 172. E. P. Dutton & Co.

This engaging little volume is one to keep in mind during this next month. It is the sort of thing frequently given when one wishes to imply an intimate kinship of taste, and an appreciation of another's very "nice" qualities. The book is of that pleasant genre which is half a story and half a modernized "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" kind of thing, somewhat in the vein of David Grayson's little adventures in contented life books. Mr. Timothy Wilkes is a most uncrusty old bachelor whose proud boast is that he is a simple American gentleman, a member of the large society of the commonplace. "I am admirably fitted by nature to join that association. I am not the proud owner of a commanding presence, a heavy lower jaw, a square cut face of virile strength and manliness, a scholarly look of aesthetic culture and intellectual refinement, and, last but not least, I am not redeemed from positive ugliness by a pair of keen, penetrating eyes overshadowed by bushy eyebrows. One must possess at least one of these characteristics to rise above the average." He prattles along about his neighbors—Smoot, father of the gargoyles; Thompson, the assistant minister; Mrs. A., who is very musical; Mrs. B., who is very artistic, and so on—about his chickens, and his garden, and all his views of life in general. Other characters are the Imaginary Listener, the Chance Acquaintance and the Youthful Pessimist. A little love affair ends the book in just the dearest way.

FROM THE FRENCH

Bordeaux, Bazin, Georges Ohnet and Francois Coppee.

FOOTPRINTS BENEATH THE SNOW. By Henri Bordeaux. Translated by Mary Seymour Houghton. 12mo, pp. 254. Duffield & Co.

THE MARRIAGE OF MADEMOISELLE GIMEL. AND OTHER STORIES. By René Bazin. Translated by Edna K. Hoyt. 12mo, pp. 279. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE GUILTY MAN. By Francois Coppee. English version by Ruth Helen Davis. 12mo, pp. 319. G. W. Dillingham Company.

Reference was made in these columns a short time ago to the reviving interest of our publishers in translations of foreign fiction. Whether the new venture is an answer to a reborn demand, or whether it is made, on the contrary, with the expectation of creating one, is a question it would be hard to answer. For the moment it will suffice to say that the five volumes of French fiction here under review are in no way remarkable in manner or meaning.

M. Henri Bordeaux, whose "Fear of Living" was published here in an English version only a little while ago, preaches in "Footprints Beneath the Snow" the gospel of the family, not the individual, as the basis of society. He chooses to set about it via the eternal French fictional triangle. The husband of his story forgives and takes back the wife who has deserted him after the other man has died. Alphonse Daudet preached the same sermon long ago in one of his weak last novels, "La Petite Parole," which the world has forgotten. M. Bordeaux's psychology is unconvincing, and he deals with the situation with false, to the American mind unpleasant, sentimentality.

Neither is René Bazin at his best in the four stories of various lengths that make up the contents of the volume that bears his name. "The Diplomat," a tale of well-meant blundering, is too obvious to be clever; as a study of the French peasant's lust of land and money, and the lengths to which it will lead him, "The Will of Old Chogne" is a somewhat far-fetched addition to what, among others, Maupassant has told us; "The Little Sisters of the Poor" is another variation on a theme with which other French novelists

have dealt far more firmly and impressively, and "Monsieur Prunelle" is utterly insignificant. The title-story deals with the sentimental generosity of a colonel, who assumes the paterfamilial of a foundling in order that she may marry one of his lieutenants without being ostracized by the ladies of the military establishment. M. Bazin has evidently attempted to make a new departure in these stories, unhappily without success. The significance of his other books is missing.

Francois Coppee's "The Guilty Man," first translated two years ago, appears in a new edition to meet a very likely demand for it in connection with the announced presentation in this city of a dramatization of the story, which deals with a familiar melodramatic situation in fiction, that of the judge who is called upon to preside at the criminal trial of his illegitimate son, whom, together with his mother, he had deserted in his student days in Paris.

That survivor of an older generation of best sellers, Georges Ohnet, has written in "The Eagle's Talon" a historical

novel, it was one of "Labby's" favorite anecdotes. The use of Latin in Parliamentary debate has been held to have died out with Sir William Harcourt, but now comes Mr. Asquith with a reminiscence of the late Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's use of Juvenal at a Cabinet meeting in 1902, and "The Athenaeum" tells us that Mr. Asquith used a line from Virgil in his speech on the Home Rule bill in January of this year.

A BRIGHT BIRD BOOK

Delightful Little Pictures in Color, with Concise Text.

THE BODLEY HEAD NATURAL HISTORY. By E. D. Cummings. With illustrations by J. A. Shepherd. Volume I. British Birds. Passerines. Square 12mo, pp. 120. John Lane Company.

Misogynist means woman-hater, as you probably know. But you don't know, do you, of any one word which means bird-hater? Perhaps in this day of "nature lovers" there are no bird-haters. But suppose there were. At least, there must be some crabbed folks who take but an apathetic inter-



ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY FORD IN THE "STRANGE STORY BOOK," LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

novel of the days of Napoleon that is decidedly above the average of his later output. The story deals with the last conspiracy of the Chouan leader Cadoudal against the First Consul, for which he paid with his life. The events are taken from history; the dramatic personae are something more than the usual puppet.

A WOMAN'S TRAVELS

South America from a Feminine Point of View.

TWO ON A TOUR IN SOUTH AMERICA. By Anna Wentworth Sears. Illustrated with photographs by the author. 8vo, pp. vii, 312. D. Appleton & Co.

The lady who made this tour in South America got a good deal of fun out of it. She is a breezy person, and her husband bears the fragrant name of Orange-Blossom. That is what she calls him throughout. He seems, too, to bear it very well. They are a New York couple who made a jaunt to the Panama Canal; down the west coast of South America, stopping at various places in Ecuador, Peru and Chili; across the Andes to Buenos Ayres and Montevideo; thence along the coast of Uruguay and Brazil, and finally across to Maderia. In a light, chattering way Orange-Blossom's wife tells of the clothes they took, of the things she saw and did, the people she met and the many incidents which occurred on the journey. We cannot say that her volume contains much news, but it has its points. For instance, the bulk of travel books, we take it, are more to the taste of men than women; this one will enable the feminine reader to take a peep down South America way in the society of a pleasant person of her own sex.

One very remarkable discovery this author did make in South America. This was a representative of the Middle West of the United States, Mr. Samuel Beecher, of Brownsville, Ind. He had been sent by our government at the request of the government of Peru to teach the sons of modern Peru practical and progressive things in the science of engineering. Our author was much struck by his conversation. One cannot blame her. Mr. Beecher explained to her that his mission "was the darnedest proposition for a fellow to buck up against for 'sassiness' that you ever saw," and she adds, "a chap must have 'sassiness,' you know." The further report of this gentleman's "line of talk" quite proves that one must go to foreign lands to find such picturesque citizens of our own country. Mrs. Sears will never match Mr. Beecher when, which we hope will be soon, she tours the Middle West.

LATIN IN PARLIAMENT.

Henry Labouchere boasted that he had put an end to the time-honored custom of Latin quotation in British Parliamentary oratory by exposing it as a sham. As he told the story, he learned two lines of Greek by heart, and introduced them in one of his speeches, with the words, "as Virgil says." Not a single member of the House discovered the hoax. True or

not, it was one of "Labby's" favorite anecdotes. The use of Latin in Parliamentary debate has been held to have died out with Sir William Harcourt, but now comes Mr. Asquith with a reminiscence of the late Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's use of Juvenal at a Cabinet meeting in 1902, and "The Athenaeum" tells us that Mr. Asquith used a line from Virgil in his speech on the Home Rule bill in January of this year.

GREAT NAMES

Lang, France, Boutet de Monvel and Charles Dickens.

THE STRANGE STORY BOOK. By Mrs. Lang. Edited by Andrew Lang. Illustrations by J. J. Ford. 12mo, pp. xvi, 312. Longmans, Green & Co.

GIRLS AND BOYS. Scenes from the Country and the Town. By Anatole France. Edited by Boutet de Monvel. Large 8vo, pp. 25. Duffield & Co.

CAPTAIN BOLDHEART. RICHARD DOUBLEDICK. By Charles Dickens. THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES. THE PARADISE OF CHILDREN. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated. Square 12mo, pp. 21, 21, 22, 22. The Houghton Mifflin Company.

It is fully a quarter of a century since Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lang brought out in collaboration the first volume of their long series of holiday books for children, which ends this season with "The Strange Story Book."

The gifted Scotchman who wrote his culture so lightly and so wittily has left us; and Mrs. Lang, addressing the children of the English-speaking world, tells them, in her preface, that "the time has come to say good-by." That preface is, indeed, a beautiful tribute to her husband's memory, to the universality of his interests, the spirit of romance that remained ever young in him; therefore:

Wherever he stayed children were his friends, and he would tell them stories and write them plays and go on expeditions with them to ghost-haunted caves or historic castles. He would adapt himself to them and be perfectly satisfied with their company, and there is certainly by one story of his own which owes its ending to a little girl, though in the Preface he was careful to speak of her as "the lady."

a version of it for children, its true inwardness, so far as that has been ascertained, must be ignored.

The illustrations in colors and black and white by H. J. Ford are in the best of his well known manner. And there is a frontispiece portrait of Andrew Lang in fishing togs.

It would be more exact to say that Anatole France has written some rather perfunctory reading matter to accompany Boutet de Monvel's pictures, than that the artist has illustrated the great author's text. These drawings in colors and pen-and-ink are all there is to the book, but they make it decidedly worth while, in Boutet de Monvel's charming, simple manner, with its touch of humor that only accentuates his sympathy and understanding of French childhood. For his children are French to the core, in every telling pose and gesture, in every childish occupation, as well as in features and the quaintness of their dress.

What will probably be a novelty to even expert Dickensians is found in the two reprints of stories which he originally contributed to the Christmas



ILLUSTRATION FROM CHARLES DICKENS'S "CAPTAIN BOLDHEART," HOUGHTON-MIFFLIN CO.

number of "Household Words" in 1854, and to that of an American children's magazine in 1867. One is "The Story of Richard Doubledick," the other, "Captain Boldheart and the Latin Grammar Master; Holiday Romance from the Pen of Lieutenant Colonel Robin Redforth, Aged 9." From the grown-up's point of view neither of these two tales is of any importance, but then, they were written for the children of long ago, and their de-

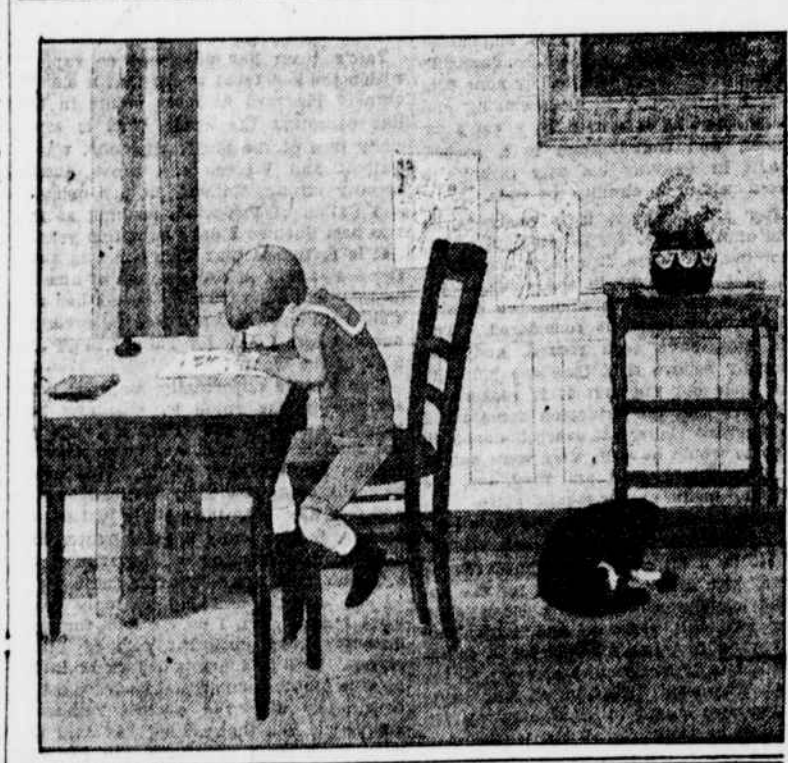


ILLUSTRATION BY BOUTET DE MONVEL IN ANATOLE FRANCE'S "GIRLS AND BOYS," DUFFIELD & CO.

scendents of to-day may see in them delights that their seniors miss. The books are prettily got up and attractively illustrated, better illustrated, indeed, than the uniform reprints of Hawthorne's "Three Golden Apples" and "The Paradise of Children" (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

Books and Authors: Current Talk of Things Present and to Come

Literary Mystification: Chateaubriand and the "Voyage en Amerique"—New Anecdotes of Ruskin and Whistler—The Dark Future.

A book full of odd facts is Mr. Albert Cim's "Mystifications Littéraires et Théâtrales." One of his interesting assertions is that Chateaubriand wrote his "Voyage en Amerique" before he had seen this country, and that his descriptions of Washington, Niagara, the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, as well as of the Indians and the wild animals were all borrowed from the writings of travellers who came here in the early years of the last century. This statement is borne out by the vagueness of Chateaubriand's account of his visit to Washington. He represents himself as explaining to the President his intention to discover the Northwest Passage and adding: "But it is less difficult to discover the Northwest Passage than to create a people, as you have done," whereupon the great American gave him his hand, exclaiming, "Well, well, young man!" Of this dinner to which Washington is described as inviting him, he has nothing to say save that his host showed his guests a key of the Bastille.

Of Ruskin—and of Whistler.

The son of Hablot K. Browne—otherwise "Phiz"—and the illustrator of Dickens's books—has just been publishing various reminiscences of both men, interspersing them with stories of other celebrities. Here is an anecdote of Ruskin surrounded by a bevy of admiring ladies: "The professor asked, 'What is the characteristic of Greek art?' A very pink young lady opined that it was 'strong.' 'My dear,' said Mr. Ruskin, in a very soft voice, 'the Devil is strong,' and for a time the nymphs were covered with confusion." Mr. Browne tells—or retells—a story about the confusion in the Grosvenor Gallery between two of Whistler's pictures, a nocturne and a harmony. "A friend of his, mistrusting his own judgment, and fancying he was going color-blind, made his way to the secretary and told him there was an error in the catalogue. 'Oh,' he said, 'hundreds of people have pointed it out to us, and we have told Mr. Whistler.' 'What did Mr. Whistler say?' He said it did not matter a damn."

A Mournful Critic.

The London "Saturday Review," an elderly sheet which is rarely amiable or optimistic, is taking a particularly mournful view of what art and literature are offering to those who are half and three-quarters educated. "There is plenty of work," the critic declares—"a terrible plenty of it—in painting, in music, in sculpture, in all literary work of imagination—above all, in verse—which is not great at all, but looks extremely like it. It de-

literature, painting and architecture—is a cruel fact to-day; it is always cheating men in their perfectly genuine and honest search for diamonds."

New History of France.

The first volume of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's "History of the French People" is nearly ready for publication. This deals with the foundations of French history and ends with the coronation of Hugh Capet. The second volume entitled "The Middle Ages," ends with the first years of the sixteenth century, and the third will deal with "The Modern State."

A Snub for Sullivan.

In the recently published reminiscences of J. M. Glover there is an amusing little story in which Sir Arthur Sullivan figures. The composer of "Patience," "The Mikado" and of their never-to-be-forgotten companions, loved to hang about the back of the dress circle a few nights after his first performances. One night he was rather taken with one of his tunes, and started humming the melody, when an angry patron cried out: "Silence! I came here to hear Sullivan's music, not yours!"

HARPERS BOOKS

Familiar Spanish Travels

By William Dean Howells

"A fragrant blend of mellow autobiography, literary associations, romantic history and charming and piquant impressions of travel."—N. Y. Tribune. "A fascinating account of Spanish life and places, all the more important because they are described and interpreted by Mr. Howells's pen." * * * We feel that he has done for Spain to-day as vividly and as faithfully what Gautier did for Spain almost a century ago. —Boston Transcript.

Social and Economic Forces in American History

American life, the manners and customs of our ancestors, from the earliest colonial days, are here described by the distinguished scholars who have contributed to the twenty-seven volumes of the "American Nation." The general reader, as well as the historian, will find these pages full of interest. A work of authority.

The American Civil War

By James Kendall Hosmer

A short, convenient and authoritative account of the great conflict. This two-volume history of the appeal to arms and the hostilities from 1861 to 1865 provides a work compact, impartial and vigorously told.

Miracles of Science

By Henry Smith Williams

The story of the modern miracles of the laboratory and observatory told in popular language free from technicalities, so that the least scientific reader will understand and enjoy it. In fascinating chapters are revealed the latest developments of science in astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology and medicine.

Whistler Stories

By Don C. Seitz

Gleaned from many sources, here for the first time these stories may be found all together, without the distraction of other material. Gossipy, witty anecdotes are related of Whistler's relations with Rossetti, Millais, Macdonnies, George Moore, Justin McCarthy, Oscar Wilde, Disraeli, Du Maurier, Carlyle, Henry Irving, Mark Twain, Edwin Abbey, Labouchere and, of course, Ruskin.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
The Most Interesting Magazine in the World.



Stewart Edward White

A great, throbbing story of men's passions in the days when "the great adventure" lured young and old to the West. It is a book you will not forget; a picture true to fact and full of real romance.

At all Book-shops

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, Garden City, New York.

Published Oct. 29th

Fifth Edition now ready at all bookstores

The Valley of the Moon

by JACK LONDON

Author of "Burning Daylight," "Martin Eden," "The Sea Wolf," etc.

ONE OF MANY OPINIONS.

"This new novel of Mr. London's is, first of all, new evidence of the range of his talent and of his assured mastery of his craft. 'We have him here for a while again as the insurgent against social and economic injustice. 'But if he breathes revolt and revolution for a while, he points to a more peaceful and an easier way out for the submerged. 'For those of them, at least, in whom poverty has not killed the energy, to be up and doing. 'Through it all there is woven as winning, as genuine an ideal of young love, of mutual trust and helpfulness, of but a single, united aim in life as one can desire. 'The book is American to the core. It is picturesque and wholesome, romantic and yet practical, breathing, best of all, the atmosphere of the open that heals and brings contentment and the renewed will to live.'—New York Tribune.

Frontispiece in color by George Harper. Decorated cover. \$1.35 net. At all bookstores.

Published by THE MACMILLAN COMPANY 64-66 5th Ave. New York